

MORE CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

THE Hongkong Daily Press, commenting on the telegram received by the Hawaiian Consul-General in regard to Chinese immigration, remarks: "In the Sandwich Islands, as in Australia, the Chinese are unwelcome immigrants; it must be allowed that there is more reason in the objection to them in this case than in others. The native population is small, and is gradually diminishing; and, in course of time, if the unrestricted influx of Chinese were allowed, they would probably form the bulk of the inhabitants."

Chinese immigration is to be feared everywhere. It is the most dangerous and insidious way of cramping the industries of a country, and blighting its native population, no matter of what race. Yet, with the example of California before it, Mexico is not afraid to invite Chinese immigration. That such, however, is not the case is evinced by the fact that a steamship line is projected between China and Mexico, for the purpose of carrying immigrants to the latter country. For some time past there has been a certain amount of Chinese immigration into Mexico through the United States, more especially since the Chinese Restriction or Exclusion Act was passed. Whether the Mexican employers of labor have become favorably impressed with the capacities for labor shown by the Chinese, or whether the Mexican Government have become possessed with a desire to create a foreign maritime trade we cannot say; possibly both causes have been at work; but they certainly seem to have promised a most liberal subsidy to the proposed Compania Mexicana de Navegacion del Pacifico. The San Francisco Chronicle naturally opposes the scheme, for the Californians are hostile to Chinese immigration to any part of the American continent. But, as Mexicans are sure to discover later on, there are some obstacles in the way of the fulfillment of their project. In the first place Mexico has no treaty with China, and could not open any emigration at any of the Chinese ports. And supposing that the Mexican Government went to the trouble to negotiate a treaty at Peking making provision for such emigration, it does not by any means follow that they would be at all nearer the attainment of their object, *vide* the experience of Spain and Peru in this direction. No Chinese emigration from ports to a distant country will we are satisfied, ever be permitted by the Peking Government unless it is conducted under the Chinese flag. It may, however, be the intention of the Mexican Company to follow the example of the American mail companies and to make this Colony their terminus. But, in that case, could they satisfy the British Government that the emigration is not to be contract emigration? Unless they can show this convincingly they will not be able to conduct the emigration from Hongkong. The subsidy the Mexican Government offers is \$19,000 per trip, and a premium of \$65 on every Chinese laborer landed in Mexico. The steamer would call in at this port, and we should thus reap some benefit from the new line.

THE "DISMAL BLADDER."

Our sepulchral contemporary, the *Dismal Bladder*, having calked up the holes we punched in it some weeks ago, crept out of its mud hole last evening and squaked against this journal. Says this cadaver-scented journal:

In the wealth of its facetiousness the morning ADVERTISER, a filthy sewer, which styles itself a newspaper, calls the *Hawaiian* every day the *Dismal Bladder*. We stand it day after day and week after week and say nothing, for our paper is occupied with serious work, and we do not notice flippant scurrility, as a rule.

We do call it the *Dismal Bladder*, because it is dismal and because it is a bladder—all wind, buncombe and ghoulishness. It has gone around with its hat in its hand to every Chinese shoe and rag shop in town to beg for a few dollars to keep it alive. It is an inconsistent, twaddling, bladdery sheet, and because we have held it up for the time to laugh at, and because the town has laughed and will continue laughing until this aloe-craving sheet learns sense, and dignity, it is mad; hopping mad. About a

month ago the *Bladder* published a solemn statement that under no provocation would it condescend to notice the ADVERTISER again. We told it then that the skin of the *Bladder* was too thin to resist our pleasant prods, and that it would whine for a certainty. We were right. It did whine, and because we said a kindly word about the Chinese government. We have no intention of poaching on the *Bladder's* preserves. It may cruise in the Chinese quarter with its influential friends, who allow their zeal to get away with their discretion, and we shall never raise an objection. We propose through the latter part of this month and the first two weeks in September to discuss the *Dismal Bladder* in a calm, Christian-like and logical manner, showing, according to our light, why it is dismal, why it is a bladder, and why, like some of our finest horses, it is hurrying to an early grave.

A POOR RECORD.

The many pleasant compliments of which this journal has been the recipient from a totally unexpected source during the last ten days, is a proof that what is termed the religious element of this community is in full accord with the course of this journal. And quite right, too. The ADVERTISER, as an independent newspaper, has endeavored, according to its lights, to be strictly honest on all topics. We are not tied up to any party or combination. We consider the Government majority sadly lacking in that antagonistic quality which is indispensable to the success of party. They have proved themselves shamefully submissive to the assaults and insults of the Opposition, when they should have shown a bold front to every attack, and not only parried those thrusts, but taken the naked sword in their own hands. "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition" we class under the general, but impressive head of "fat brained." They had a most excellent game in their hands, but they were too dull-witted to play it cleverly, and so lost every trick. We really cannot say at this writing which of the two is most deserving of censure—the dodging, white livered Government crowd, or the dawdling, time-worrying Opposition, which neglected the real issues of the fight to waste its strength upon inconsequential trifles.

THE Philadelphia Press editorially says: "The steady increase of Chinese population in the Hawaiian Islands threatens sooner or later to confront our Government with problems of a delicate and very difficult character. Hawaiian sugar, admitted free under the Reciprocity Treaty, is largely produced by Chinese labor, and consistency with the present restriction laws against the Chinese may yet compel the United States either to abrogate the treaty or insist upon the exclusion of Mongolian workmen from the Islands. The issue is one which the public of this country—particularly of the Pacific Coast and the sugar-planting regions of the South—will be eager to force to its alternative."

The Press is in error. The Chinese population of these Islands is not increasing, nor is there any desire to offer them inducements to come here. Nor is the sugar principally produced by Chinese labor; and if it were, what has that to do with the Treaty, or the United States Chinese restriction laws? The Press's argument is far-fetched, and is, of course, dictated by the same clique from which the San Francisco Chronicle draws its regular subsidy for misrepresenting the industries of these Islands.

OUR genial contemporary, the *Hawaiian*, made last Thursday a most disrespectful allusion to the character of the poetry which has appeared in our dare-devil contemporary, the *Saturday Press* and this journal. It remarks, with sneering lip, that it has received a number of contributions from the Insane Asylum, and it calls the glowing lines of the editor of the Press "alleged poetry." Were we maliciously inclined, we might mention that we have now in our desk a poem of ninety-six lines on the *Hawaiian*, which, for purely humane reasons, we withhold from publication. The opening is as follows: When I want to feel right sad, and try to feel much sadder, I sit me down and weep, and read the *Dismal Bladder*.

SOME small anonymous cur has written a communication to the *Bulletin*—that generous receptacle of all current filth—to the effect that the editor of the *Saturday Press* and the editor of this journal have outraged the politeness of this community by their pleasant and readable verses, written to fill the tedium of an idle hour. Those fellows who write anonymously in newspapers may be detected by the habit they have of keeping both hands behind their backs to deceive the public with the idea that they are toying with their coat-tails, when in reality they exist in mortal terror of the revengeful boot. They never aspire to the dignity of an honest fist. The dread of being kicked clings to them more firmly than their belief in a future life. We respect a man who can give and take; but the whelp who comes into the show on a free ticket, and then growls about the performance, is not fit for shark meat.

THE *Dismal Bladder*, which knows as much about Chinese Gordon as it does about getting the inside track of the Press on the missionary racket, states that Gordon carried with him £100,000, given to him by the British Government to use as it seemed best to him. This shows how colossal ignorance the *Bladder* is on this topic. Gordon never got a penny from the British Government. He got promissory notes from the Khedive for less than £20,000 and the rest he was supposed to skin out of the Arabs. He has not skinned them yet, and the probabilities are much in favor of the Arabs laying this remarkable piety and Christian soldier by the heels.

THERE seems to be a strange indifference regarding the deadly horse epidemic now raging. We know nothing of the qualifications of the veterinary surgeons of Honolulu, but certain it is they have proved themselves incapable of dealing with this disease. We believe that some experienced and skillful "vet" should be procured from San Francisco, and the more promptly the services of such a person is engaged, the better for our Honolulu horse owners.

THE *Bulletin's* lease of life is so short, its absorption by the Press being imminent, that in respect to its dying throes we reply to its statement that the ADVERTISER was on the fence during the discussion of the Lottery Bill. As a matter of fact, the ADVERTISER was the very first to denounce that scheme, while the *Bulletin* lay back for a subsidy, and would have sunk all its claims to being a Christian anonymous circular for a few paltry dollars from Satan's till.

EN ROUTE FOR THE GILBERT ISLANDS.

The voyage from the Hawaiian to the Gilbert Islands, a distance of something over two thousand miles, is generally a very pleasant one; and we on board the *Julia* had no reason to complain of wind or weather, though the trade winds that bore us along so swiftly for the first ten days died out then and were followed by variable currents of air, with now and then that bugbear of the sailor—a calm. In a vessel that depends upon her sails alone, let it blow high or blow low there is always a chance of getting somewhere—there is progress, at any rate—but the best that can be said of a calm is that it is part of a good wind; that is, that it can't last forever, but must be followed by a breeze.

But, Oh! the weary waiting for the wished-for wind. The sleepy tranquillity of the semi-transparent clouds that rest on the horizon or hang motionless in the clear sky. The long lazy swell of the glassy sea on which the *Julia* wallows and rolls so helplessly; the annoying "slatting" and jerking of the huge main boom as the swinging peak sweeps the mainsail from side to side; the practical impossibility of finding a shady spot; the monotony of watching the mimic whirlpools, and long drawn out procession of foam flecks that form and linger amidst the schooner aimlessly swings round and round, or slowly drifts with the smooth swell, moving—as Smith sarcastically remarks—"sideways, like a pig going to war!"

The Captain paces the strip of hot

deck left clear for him in the narrow passage between the cabin and the rail, glancing aloft now and then at the pennon hanging from the main truck, in the hope of seeing it lifted by a passing puff, or pausing at times and softly whistling for a wind. The mate, with the watch on deck, is engaged in the never-ending task of keeping the rigging in order; our impassive, methodical steward, who in calms and storms alike "pursues the even tenor of his way," is rubbing up the brass work about the binnacle. Billings has deposited himself in his berth, and drawn after him as much of his legs as the limited space will allow; while Tasmania—in the berth above Billings—has his head and shoulders out of the little window at the side, gazing goggle-eyed at the sleeping beauties (?) on the deck beneath. Of these, and their plainer sisters there are galore, and I doubt if there is a really wide-awake Gilbert Islander aboard just now.

Presently the Captain pauses longer than usual, as he turns in his promenade. His quick eye has caught the wrinkle of a faint "cat's paw" on a far-off undulation of the sea. He watches it as it flits over the ocean and vanishes. The clouds at one point on the horizon have, in some mysterious way, drawn together, and are now visibly growing heavier. The lower surfaces of the snowy rounded mass spreads out loose and dark, and from it descends a line of shade that broadens and deepens into a trailing sheet of rain. We cannot tell just when the still smoothness of the ocean is broken by the fitful breeze, but we note that the light stay-sail lifts and swells, the helmsman rouses himself from his careless lounge over the wheel and watches the filling main-sail. The Captain glances in at the compass and then to windward where another rain squall is forming. The *Julia* ceases to flounder about, and heels over gracefully and "straightens her wake" as the oncoming breeze distends every sail.

The Gilbert Islanders, as soon as they see the welcome shower beating the sea to foam in its onward rush, pitch their mats into the hold, hurriedly throw off their scanty clothing, and in simple waist-belts for bathing dresses rush about in the down-pouring rain, hauling at the ropes thrust into their hands by the sailors who are taking in the lighter sails until the first force of the brief squall shall have passed, stuffing swabs into the scupper-holes so that the decks may be flooded, and paddling and splashing about, yelling and shrieking with delight. After the squall comes a gentle breeze, and with every sail set the *Julia* speeds again upon her way.

The conversation in the "dog watch," after the rain, naturally drifts into reminiscences of floods and freshets, and Tasmania tells us how on one occasion, while travelling in the Australian bush, his party and their animals had been without water all day, had ridden down and captured several kangaroos, and finally found themselves in a dreary waste of barren hills cut up by deep ravines. Their tired, thirsty animals halted of their own accord on the bank of one dark gorge and refused to go further; so their riders concluded to camp where they were, and looked about for water. They could hear a stream dashing along in the far-down bottom of the gorge, whose sides were so steep that no living thing without wings could get to the bottom without injury. Water they must have, however, and at last, by tying together all the ropes and stout cord they made a line about 60 feet long, to which they fastened a small tin cup. With this they drew up enough water to slake the fierce thirst of their horses, as well as their own. (I have forgotten how many there was in the party—twelve I think), and then they "turned in" for the night.

"Well, sir," Tasmania went on to say, "it commenced raining towards morning, as it only can rain in Australia. It poured down, and poured down: and just before daylight that gorge—which was about three hundred yards wide, and, as I said, fully sixty feet deep as far up the hill-side as we could see—was running *brim-full*! And still it poured down until the water drove us on to the high ridge behind us, and even there it nearly drowned us out."

"How long did that rain last?" inquired Billings.

"It stopped," said Tasmania, "about half-past 6 o'clock, and it was not more than fifteen minutes after that before the flood had all passed by, and we could hardly tell that it had rained at all. The ground had been so dry that it soaked up the water very fast, and the slope of the land was so great that the moment the rain was over the stream shrunk back to its former shallowness in the bed of the gulch; and—you will hardly believe me, gentlemen—but it's a fact, we had to lower our tin cup down that sixty feet again to get enough water to make coffee with!"

"Well!" exclaimed Billings, drawing a deep breath, "that was a shower. Puts me in mind of one I met with on the North Platte river-bottom in Nebraska, way back in 1860. I was on my way to California, had a wagon and a pair of oxen—good, stout, willin' team 'twas too. I had my old mother with me (father'd died the year before), and my younger brother, Eph and me'd made up our minds to 'go west'."

"We'd got along first-rate, and that day I'm speakin' of we'd gone into camp on top a little mound out there on the prairie, 'bout a mile from the Platte. All that country round there is flatter'n your hand. It's so flat the river hardly knows which way to run, and spreads out more'n a mile wide, mostly so shaller you can wade it anywhere. That little mound where we camped covered 'bout an acre, and bulged up so's on top 'twas a matter of twenty feet high. After we'd had our supper I helped mother up on top the cover to the wagon, so't she might have a look at the scenery. 'Twas mighty flat, I can tell you, an' the old lady said it give her a good idee how big the United States was."

"By an' by it begun to thunder way off in the west—it had been lowly all day, and all-fired hot—and I got everything snug for the night, an' the thunder and lightnin' come nigher an' nigher, an' then it rained. Rained so hard that you couldn't draw your breath, scarcely; an' every now an' then the lightnin' would just tear the hull sky open, 'nd turn them sheets of rain into down-pourin' torrents of glitterin' light, an' the thunder jest made that old wagon bounce off the ground. Them oxen jest crowded their heads under the wagon box, an' didn't say a word—too scared to beller, an' mother an' Eph lay down flat, an' I piled all the beddin' on top them."

"I reckon that shower lasted 'bout two hours, 'n then she passed off to the east, an' we got a little sleep. In the mornin' we crawled out, an' looked around. I give you my word, gentlemen, there wa'n't the least speck of land to be seen! From alongside the wagon, where the oxen were standin' hoof-deep, a reachin' for the end of the hay bed, way out as far as we could see, all around was water! On that side where the Platte was the day before, I could jest make out that the water was a runnin', but it dreened off that hilleck so fast that we had to wait two days before it was shaller enough for the oxen to haul the wagon to Fort Sedgwick 'bout thirty miles off."

"What did you live on those two days?" inquired Tasmania, in a feeble voice.

"Cut up the sides of the wagon, made a fire out of the pieces; cooked some ham (biled it—we'd water 'nough) fed the oxen on the mattresses an' pillars, and"—

"Got milk for your coffee from the oxen, I suppose," interjected some one.

(Billings' rejoinder was couched in the same language as that used by the Station-keeper, in answer to Mark Twain's request for milk, when he was "Roughing It" over the same route.)

Captain T— then came into the game with his little yarn. He was at one of the Solomon Islands, he averred, when it rained so hard that "at the end of six hours the sea had risen three feet all around the island, by actual measurement." Billings shook his head, sighed mournfully, and went to his state-room. Tasmania retired to note this down in his journal, and the Captain chuckled as he remarked to the rest of the audience "those duffers can't get it through 'em that 'twas the tide made the difference, and so they think I'm lying."